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The Black and Gold

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The Tide of Life.

So you say your playground is bare, Laddie,
And is scorched and hot and dry?

That the sunbeats down
On the hot, sandy ground
And the fields all shadowless lie?

Well, across yon turbulent stream, Laddie,
The fields stretch away, fresh and green,
And the skies are blue,
There are flowers, too,
And the trees are fair to be seen.

But stay,—the river is rough, Laddie,
And the rapids are fierce and wild,
And the current is swift.
Upon yonder cliff
Your bones would be broken, my child!

It takes a valiant swimmer, Laddie,
To cross that seething tide;°
Though your playground is bare,
And the one over there
Is fresh,—Lad, stay on this side!

And so it is in our lives, Laddie.
The great desires of the day
Are only obtained
By a battle sustained,
But some lose out in the fray.

But others swim on through the tide, Laddie,
And sink only to rise once more,
And on through the night
They keep up the fight,
Till they stand on the opposite shore!

Bessie E. Ambler, '16.

Education as a Training for Citizenship.

THE value of an education as a training for citizenship cannot be overestimated. A boy in going to school is laying the foundation of his future life as a citizen. An education is not so much what one remembers from his books but is the training his mind receives. It teaches his mind to grasp the problems which confront him in his daily life as a citizen. In school a system of government is always present. The students naturally find a leader among their number, who, with the help of his classmates, sets up a system of government in which each student finds the place where his executive abilities will best develop. This government is illustrated by the various societies in our High Schools and Colleges. In these societies a boy learns to pick out the essential facts in problems confronting the people and to put them into concrete form. He learns to speak in a natural and easy manner so that upholding his opinions of the right becomes a matter of pleasure. And this ability to say the right thing, at the right time, in the right way, makes him want to study the problems of his city and how they can be answered.

It is true that some of our best citizens are self-made men; but with the advantage of a good education, how much better they could have performed their duties as citizens! And that they realize this fact is shown by the way they give their children the advantage of a good education. Out of twenty-six of our Presidents, seventeen were college graduates. The other nine, by persistent effort, gave themselves a good education by reading and studying. They realized that they were handicapped by not having a good education. Therefore, by hard studying, they freed themselves from this bondage and became Presidents.

Education gives one the power to use his mental abilities in place of so much muscular power. Thus he is able to do

the work of a good citizen. He does not become hardened by all but what immediately concerns himself, but has a clear idea of what is needed in his city and most of all he has the ability to execute or see that someone is put in power who will carry on the needed reforms.

In school a boy receives discipline which in later years causes him to obey just ordinances made by competent men, thus showing that he obeys these laws because he knows they are right and because he has pride enough in his city to want to help and not hinder the work. This is well illustrated by comparing Mexico with the United States. The general class of Mexicans are densely ignorant. They haven't the ability to make wise laws. They must obey laws made by men, who have no interest in them, not because of pride in them but because of fearing to resist. On the other hand the progress of the United States has been due in a large measure to the education of the people.

And so, to sum up my reasons, I think that education is valuable as a training for citizenship, because, first; in his school societies a boy learns a system of self-government and learns to speak and take his part in this government; second, our self educated men show that they recognize the value of an education by educating their children; third, education gives one the ability to make wise laws and to respect them.

Curtis Vogler, '15.



A True Thanksgiving

(The Winner of the "Blue Ribbon" at the Fair.)

THE old farm wagon heaved convulsively over the last bump in the road, and settling emphatically in the hollow on the other side, came to a stop. "Here ye be. This is the 'Pines' ", drawled Jake, but his wards were needless, for Bob had with unusual alacrity cleared the wheel and was already assisting to the ground his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, and his sister Caroline.

"This here's yer place," reaffirmed Jake, and then at his loud "Giddap" the old wagon once more rattled off down the river bank. Remaining on the turf beside the road there stood a smiling little group, looking at a very attractive little bungalow; reddening autumn woods behind it, and a beautiful stretch of river in the foreground.

"Oh Bob," cried Caroline to her brother, "isn't this simply ideal! But," after a moments hesitation, "I don't see any pines."

"Pshaw!" consoled Bob, "Don't you pine because there aren't any pines around here. I was once at a place called Oakhill that bordered on a small swamp, and had nothing but a few cypress trees on the edge. Just look at the beautiful birches around here!"

"That's right, Bob; always optomistic," laughed his mother. "And I'm so glad to see that the whole stretch of river along here is broken by not a single rapids, so that boating will be safe."

"Well, I can swim, anyhow," said Caroline.

"If this rapid drop in temperature continues," interposed Mr. Randolph, "you will be talking of skating instead of boating. I saw in the paper only this morning that a cold snap was predicted for this district next week."

"Br-r-r! It makes me shiver just to think of it," said the ever-merry Caroline. "Let's go into the house and get warm."

"I hope it will turn cold, because then we can invite all those boys and girls we saw in the cottage down the road up here for a big night skating party," added Bob.

The "Juveniles", as Bob and Caroline were called, then raced for the house, while their parents remained a moment engaged in earnest conversation.

"It's just as Caroline says," affirmed Mrs. Randolph, "The place is simply ideal. Now if only baby Alfred were here with us it would be perfect."

"You forget, dear, that it is on account of little Alfred that we are here. It is to turn the minds of the children from the terrible calamity that has befallen us, and to try to lift the awful shadow that has rested on us since the disaster, that we are here," replied Mr. Randolph.

"Well, if any place on earth can accomplish that, I feel that the 'Pines' will," said Mrs. Randolph, as with her husband she followed the others into the house.

It was a simple bungalow, but the big, sunny kitchen, the comfortable bedrooms with sleeping porches attached, the pleasant living room with its huge fireplace at one end, made the plan a most desirable one for those who sought a relief from the streets and strain of the city.

"Look out there, Caroline, Here come the pines you were looking for," shouted Bob as he staggered in with a big pine log on each shoulder.

Thus began an unlooked-for vacation, so sadly caused by a nurse's carelessness at their home in the city.

* * * * *

"Dy'e know," said old farmer Ehrgot, as he hauled in a load of hickory logs one morning, "hit shore is cold fer November. I ain't seed th' like of it fer well nigh onto twenty year. Th' river's froze solid a'ready, and it hain't

even Thanksgiving yit. Hit cain't last long. Ye jest watch out fer a thaw."

And it was cold. The thermometer had gone down to 15 the night before, and the river had been frozen solid for a week.

"Caroline," said Bob as he piled up the wood, "Let's have our skating party tonight, or the ice may thaw before we get a chance."

"But it's only two days till Thanksgiving, Bob, and I thought it was to be a Thanksgiving day party," argued Caroline. However, after a moment's reflection she added, "I guess your'e right though, Bob. Better to have it tonight than not at all."

So the party was duly arranged for, and what a glorious one it was. Fully a dozen bright and happy boys and girls from the nearby cottages,—for that part of the river was by no means forsaken,—a starry sky, and a roaring fire on the bank of the river, all combined to make it a truly wonderful night. And the flittering lanterns, the twanging of the ice, and the merry hails of the participants made it an exceedingly delightful sight from the shore. Indeed, the pleasant hours haunted the "Juveniles" even in slumber during the night, and they lived over again the merry evening in pleasant dreams.

They were awakened next morning by loud talking in front of the house. They could recognize their father's voice and the harsh tones of some stranger. Hurriedly dressing, they ran downstairs and out upon the front porch. The first thing they noticed was that it had suddenly turned warmer, and that the river ice had that soft, muggy look that indicates rapid melting. Their attention was then drawn to Mr. Randolph in earnest and evidently heated conversation with a strange man.

"Come here, Bob," called his father, when he saw the figures on the porch. "This is the man who owns the land

across the river. He claims that you cut down some of his finest young trees last night for your warming fire. What have you to say?"

"He's mistaken," replied Bob firmly. "We took only a few rotten old stubs that we found near the edge."

"That being the case, I'll pay you ten dollars for the wood burnt," said Mr. Randolph.

"You'll not! I told you what the trees were worth. I'll take nothing under two hundred," was the surly reply.

"And I say you'll get not more than ten!"

"I gave you a chance to get off on two hundred," was the retaliation," but now I've decided to go up to Blakeslee and enter suit for five hundred!"

With that the stranger turned away and strode rapidly toward the river.

"You'll not attempt to skate to Blakeslee, will you!" shouted Mr. Randolph after him.

"See here, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is. You'd better attend to your own mixed-up affairs, sooner than try to run everybody else's. If I choose to skate, what's that to you?"

"The man must be mad!" exclaimed Bob. "Why the ice is melting every minute!"

"I've heard of him before," said his father. "His name is Bradshaw, and he ought to be in the penitentiary right now. He is very poor, drinks all the time, and it is said that nothing is too low for him to stoop to do, provided there is money in it. I don't think—listen! What is that?"

An icy shiver ran down the speaker's spine as he said it, for he guessed only too well what had happened. But there was no need for the injunction, for Bob was already running to the river, whence issued cries of distress. He shuddered as, from the bank, he saw Bradshaw in the middle of the river, clinging desperately to the edges of a jagged hole in the ice, and crying piteously for help. But how could help be proffered? Bob knew well that he was within four feet of that hole

would mean death for himself as well as the victim. A minute lost might mean a life lost. As he cast his eyes about for aid, he spied a rotten log which had been pushed out onto the middle of the ice the night before to serve as a seat.

"It's light. Perhaps it will do," he muttered, and ran recklessly out upon the treacherous ice. Alas! One vigorous pull showed that the log was firmly frozen into the ice. He jerked and strained until the ice around him cracked ominously, but to no avail. He gave a cry of despair, when—

"Stop! Hook this over the log, quick!" came a command at his shoulder, and turning, he saw Caroline, brave, faithful, prudent, Caroline, bearing a hammock, and extending to him one of the hooks. With the combined pull of two it was but the work of a second to free the log, and of another to slide it near the hole where Bradshaw still floundered. Bob then carefully shoved the log across the hole, and on it the dripping man was quickly hauled to safety.

* * * * *

It was on the following morning that the "juveniles" were again awakened by excited talking on the front porch. The voice predominant was their mother's, but it had a ring in it which had been lost ever since little Alfred's disaster. She was standing on the porch, talking to an old negro mammy, and yes,—in her arms she clasped her own little baby boy.

"Alfred! my little kidnapped brother!" cried Caroline; and she held out her arms to take the laughing child. As she eagerly seized him, a soiled bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

"What is that, Mammy?" demanded Mrs. Randolph.

"I don' know, Missus. Mister Bradshaw pinned it on 'im," was the reply.

Mrs. Randolph took the paper, and with a faltering voice read aloud:

"I was to blame for your child being stole. I wuz down to my last cent, and I sent a man down to the city to steal

any child that had rich enough parents, and wuz gonna deman a big ransom for yourn. But I'm sorry now for what I done, and I'm gonna cut out the drink. When I get respectufle I'm gonna come an' see you in the city, and thank you myself for saving my life yesterday. I can't face you now till I get started aright.

J. Bradshaw."

"And do you know," said Caroline that evening, when the happy family was gathered about the cozy fireside, "this is the first Thanksgiving that I have ever really spent in thanks. It has given the day a sort of distinction that has made it twice as enjoyable. I'm going to spend all my Thanksgiving Days that way hereafter."

"Your's is a mighty good plan, my daughter," replied her father. "I think I'll follow it too."

Theodore E. Rondthaler, '15.



De Good Ole Winter Time.

Oh de winter time is coming,
For I knows it by de way
It sets my heart a humming,
And makes me feel so gay.

I can see de 'simmons falling,
And de nuts a getting dry,
And I hears de blue jays calling
With dere sharp and piercing cry.

I can see them squirrels working
To prepare dere winter store;
And I hears dem 'possums lurking
Around de hen house door.

In summer time there aint no fun
For a boy that likes to play,
You've got to work, and that old sun
Gets hotter every day.

But now de work has all been done
And de crops is laid away,
And now I'm free to take my gun
And hunt and shoot all day.

I know just where dem rabbits are,
And where dey makes dere bed.
Dey tries to run but don't go far,
For I shoots 'em through the head.

Dere's some dat laks de summer days,
And some dat laks de spring,
But winter makes dis coon feel gay,
And makes him want to sing.

Clifton Eaton, '15.

Caught in a Blizzard.

IT is very cold in the Northern part of Russia, where my grandfather used to live. The snow begins to fall in that part of the country early in September.

One cold November day about thirty years ago, grandfather was compelled to make a trip of seven miles, which equals to about twenty-one of American miles, from one town to another. The day was beautiful, but very cold and dry. About two o'clock in the morning, dressed in a fur coat and cap, long hip boots and with a driver dressed in the same attire, he started out.

The horses were hitched to a large sleigh and were very spirited. It looked as if they would have no trouble in reaching their destination in about five hours and returning home the next evening. Both were confident of a safe and pleasant trip. Little did they dream of danger ahead of them, although blizzards occur frequently in that part of the country.

After traveling about two hours and a half and covering one half of the distance a very dark heavy cloud was noticed in the sky. No attention was paid to it except for the restlessness of the horses. In a short time a very fine snow began to fall. Thicker and thicker it fell until they could hardly see the road before them. The horses were losing the road completely and it looked as if no destination could be reached. Finally the animals refused to go.

After staying there for quite a while and being nearly frozen stiff and exhausted a very dim light was seen, as the snow began to clear. It was indeed a glad sight as the light could be seen shining from a very small hut.

The only way to reach the hut was by foot, as the horses would not go, so grandfather and his companion had to trudge many miles through the deep snow. They were so exhausted when they reached the hut that both of them fell in a deep faint on the floor of the cabin. And if it had not been for the farmer who owned the hut, they would have perished.

Lillie Shapiro, '17.

The Engineer's Promise

IT'S about time for the freight to run," John Blake muttered to himself as, carefully swinging his lantern, he emerged from the thick darkness of the tunnel. He had just been through the tunnel to hang the white light out at the other end, that the oncoming train might know that all was well.

It was a beautiful night; the full moon flooded the broad fields of the upper world. Yet the rays which penetrated the deep cut leading to the station house seemed to the solitary figure striding along it weird and uncanny. For though John Blake was not superstitious nor nervous, yet the life he led in the lonely mountain retreat was beginning to tell on him. For six weeks at a time, he often went without speaking to a human being, or even seeing one further than the hurried glimpse of some face at a window as the trains, which never stopped, dashed by on to the great world beyond. And then the monotony of it all, the endless hanging-up and taking down of lights, the throwing of switches and all, gave loneliness an added terror.

Tonight he was especially downcast. Probably his long walk through the tunnel had affected him, but be that as it may, as he walked his nervous glance up and down the track showed only too plainly that some fore-boding of evil, of something going wrong, had settled on him.

"Confound it," he grumbled as he looked at his watch, "she's twenty minutes late now and still no sign. Yes something is going wrong tonight, I just feel it in my bones, and yes, she is number thirteen, an unlucky number," he thought, remembering the nursery superstition. "Well, I won't sleep till that train has passed anyway," he said determinedly as he seated himself on the station platform to await its coming.

But in spite of his determination to keep awake, the monotony of doing nothing overcame his drowsy senses, and the first thing he knew a distant roar, growing louder and louder, was filling the great cut with its reverberations.

"That train is coming at last," he muttered drowsily. He looked expectantly toward the mouth of the tunnel. But no, he could not see the head-light. Yet, strange though, he had always before been able to see the light long before he could hear a sound. Why had not the signal bell rung?

Then with a great fear gripping at his heart he whirled and stared, horror-stricken, in the opposite direction. There, bearing down on him at a sixty-mile-a-minute rate, was an enormous express train.

"Heavens!" he fell back, while to the lips.

"What train is this? None is due from that direction until daybreak, and why such speed?"

And then, as he dashed for his red lantern, the signal of danger, the remembrance flashed across his terror-stricken brain that Number Thirteen had not yet passed, but was due at any minute.

Swinging his light he started for the door.

Jang! Jang! Jang! went the signal bell. The long-expected train had at last entered the other end of the tunnel and was coming through on the assurance of the white light that "all was well."

As the dreadful meaning broke on John Blake, he was, for a moment, as a man without power to move or act. "It's no use. It's no use," he muttered crazily to himself. Then recovering his senses, he dashed down the cut, waving frantically his red light of danger.

A hoarse whistle startled him from the rear. He whirled in time to see the engine to the freight train leap out of the blackness of the tunnel.

A mighty crash shook the earth, shattered timbers flew in every direction, human shrieks rent the air, great coals of

fire from the engines fell all over the cut and up the embankments, lighting up the dreadful scene with a dull, red glow. Then—all was quiet again.

* * * * *

A half hour later the relief train which Blake had somehow or other managed to telegraph for, had arrived and those of the passengers who were still alive were being attended to by loving hands.

Blake himself had staggered over to where the mangled form of the engineer, who ran the express, was lying beneath a pile of debris. Lifting the weights off him tenderly—for they had been school-boys together—he poured brandy down his blood-clotted throat.

Finally, after what seemed hours to Blake, the engineer opened his eyes and gazed feebly about him.

“Is it sunrise yet?” he asked strangely.

“No, not yet, but don’t worry about that,” was the gentle reply.

“But—I must be—there by—sunrise—or it will be—too late,” gasped the engineer.

“Never mind that,” answered Blake, thinking that he spoke of the destination of the train. “That will be all right now.”

“Oh, Blake,” he said as he gained a little strength, “this is all my fault. May God forgive me, but I had to do it.”

“What are you talking about?” asked Blake, surprised at the dying man’s earnestness.

“Listen. Come a little closer and I will tell you.”

“No, not now,” said Blake soothingly. “Wait until you feel better.”

“If I don’t tell it now, it never will be told” hoarsely whispered the engineer.

Blake looked at him. The pallor of death was creeping over his face and he knew that he spoke the truth.

"Well, what is it old fellow?" he said leaning over him that he might catch each feeble word.

The firm lips trembled for a moment and then brokenly he began:

"My darling baby girl—Jennie—only four years—old—was dying. Last night—the doctor—said she would—be—gone—by sunrise."

Here the poor fellow broke down and sobbed like a child; and Blake with a sympathizing sigh, turned his head away to hide the tears which trickled unbidden down his cheek.

"Oh," he began again, "I loved that little child so.—Every night—she used to—climb up—on my knee and—kiss me—and then she would say—good night, papa dear—I'll see you—in the morning,—and sure enough—every morning—she would be—right there—with her—sweet little face—to kiss —me—off to my work."

Another spell of convulsive sobbing followed, during which time Blake took opportunity to pour some brandy down the parched throat. And then, somewhat revived, he continued:

"And then—she was taken—sick. Poor little thing; she—got rapidly —worse. And—last night—the doctor told us—that—she—would be gone—by sunrise.—And I—couldn't stay—by her bedside—her—last night." he said bitterly. "They told me—that it would—cost the Railroad—thousands of dollars—if I didn't go.—Then little Jennie called me—and said—'Papa, you go—but come back quick'—And then she kissed me good-bye—and whispered—as she used to do—'I'll see you in the morning'. 'Yes, little darling, I promised—I'll be back by sunrise.'

"And, Oh God—how I tried to keep that promise.—I forgot all about this freight—forgot everything—but that promise.—I drove my engine till I—was afraid she would burst. I got along here—two hours ahead—of time—and would have made it—but for that freight."

The voice dropped to a whisper and then suddenly stopped.

Blake looked at him through a mist of tears. He was unconscious.

He lay still for a long time, his breath coming in short, uncertain gasps. Time after time Blake tried to revive him, but to no purpose.

Suddenly, however, of his own accord the dying man sat bolt upright and with outstretched arms cried:

"Look, look—there she is—calling me.—Just wait darling—papa's coming—papa's coming."

Blake looked to where the out-stretched arms were pointing. High up in the heavens was a little rift in the clouds made by the first light of the new day. Blake turned sorrowfully back to his old friend. He lay as before in quiet repose. A light was breaking on his face, but it was the light of the unending morning, and as John Blake gazed down on the peaceful countenance before him, he knew that, true to his promise, the old engineer had indeed met his little daughter at sunrise.

—Gordon B. Ambler, '16.



Strong-O-Th' Arm.

SWING! the cave man's spear goes hungril through the air and true to its aim has struck the giant mastodon between his huge glaring eyes. A deep gash, out of which the blood pours in a continuous stream, is the result of the cave-man's daring and skill. The beast, maddened by the blow, dashes blindly over the snow towards the shelter of a towering boulder of ice. Strong-o-th' Arm, weakened by days of hunger and privations, is loath to give chase; but the thought of his little ones suffering from hunger and cold spurs him on in spite of his own physical weakness. In a twinkle he snatches up his three remaining weapons, and swifter than the deer, he goes whirling over ice and snow, shouting to lend speed to his trembling legs.

Zwing! and another of his precious weapons has buried itself deep into the side of the great, towering king of the North. The beast grows weak from the loss of blood, but hat ever predominating thought and instinct for self-preservation urges him on. The great primeval battle rages. On one side, a brute with the thought of self and life foremost; on the other, a man, thinking not of self but of the preservation of his descent and lineage.

Ah! Now the last spear is caught up in the powerful right hand of Strong-o-th' Arm. It does not leave as suddenly as the others. He seems to hesitate. The beast also, no longer pursued, stops; turns towards the man, and seems also to deliberate. Slowly, stealthily, Strong-o-th' Arm moves towards his victim. He gives one more thought to his little ones waiting so patiently for his return and trusting so infinitely upon his powerful right arm. Then taking careful aim he lets fly the spear towards the head of the monster. Through the air the spear, on which he has placed his destiny, flies, and strikes its mark. The mastodon turns and runs;

the man, believing that the stroke has been useless, sinks down in the snow and yields up his life. Weaker and weaker grows the mastodon, until at last he too falls and his iron will is softened in death.

* * * * *

“Yep! Here! Hiho! Here Bouncer! Here!” The call was echoed and reechoed by the myriad voices of the wierd and icy night. John Armstrong, great Arctic explorer and hunter, had become estranged from his companions and for three days had been wandering, with his shaggy Newfoundland dog ever by his side, over the vast and solitary ice plains of the great, cold North.

His dog, an ever-sympathetic companion at his side, was partaking of his master’s dilemma with the characteristic attachment of that animal. Hungry, cold and almost hopeless, they were alone in one of the greatest deserts on God’s earth. No human voice besides his own had Armstrong heard for three days and the monotony of the vast fields and mountains of ice had become appalling. On and on the two wandered. The dog thinking only of food, food to allay his deathly hunger. the man thinking of the omnipotence of God, of human society, and then of food.

Thus he scrambled on over the ice and snow until burning insanity obliterated all else from his mind except the desire for food.

The dog no longer looked upon his master as a friend. Three days before they would have lain down side by side on the ice for a little sleep but now they eyed each other in fiendish hate. The man would throw great chunks of ice at the dog in vain attempts to take its life because he felt that he was dying of hunger and that the dog must be sacrificed. Growling and barking the dog would keep far to the rear of the man, until his back was turned and then he would snake-like ease towards the man in a vain attempt to catch him off guard and jump at his throat, to satisfy his hunger in the

blood of his former friend. But the man, with the aid of a club which he had found, was able to defend himself from the fierce attacks of the dog.

The dawn of the fifth day finds both man and beast ready to give in; but they are still plodding, plodding along, their destination of no concern to either; only the primeval desire for self-preservation foremost in their minds. Suddenly the dog runs ahead and sniffs at something in the air. How strange thinks the man, that the dog even drops his cautious look, tsops, and begins to paw and snuffle in the ice and snow. The man also discards his offensive bearing and by the use of his ever ready club breaks the ice about the spot where the dog is sniffing. At last a large hole is made in the ice, into which the dog scrambles and brings back in his mouth a huge hunk of meat which he eats with a revenous relish.

Armstrong again picks up his club, and with strength renewed by the sight of food begins to chop away the ice with super-human zest. And behold! there under the ice lies a huge mastodon, so thoroughly preserved by the ice that it might have been killed the day before for all he could tell. Savagely he claws into the side of the monster and tears away the flesh until the softer meat is within his grasp. Then he also fills himself with this rich venison; and by and by both man and beast, restored to normal health and mind, lie down once more as friends on the side of the great mastodon, king of the North, which had been killed by Armstrong's ancestor, Strong-o-th' Arm some five or ten thousand years before.

Edwin Stewart, '15.



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Editorial.



RIT is a quality of character which we admire greatly and desire to possess in the highest degree. To achieve the greatest things in life requires grit, for every great accomplishment is difficult. A most inspiring and pathetic story is told of Cyrus W. Field, the great inventor of the Cable, which illustrates that unconquerable, never-giving-up spirit,

called grit. For thirteen years Field labored and persevered under the greatest difficulties and discouragements. This man, so untiring of labors, made fifty voyages across the waters of the Atlantic. His first cable was a failure and the bitterest abuse was heaped upon his courageous shoulders, but he never gave up. Years passed by and another cable was shipped on board the "Great Eastern," From this vessel he had laid twelve hundred miles of his cable, when suddenly it broke and fell back into the depths of the ocean. For nine days and nights they dragged the bottom in search of the lost cable but were unable to find it. This was a calamity that would have discouraged and defeated many men but the indomitable spirit of Cyrus Field was not subdued. At last he succeeded in accomplishing that great task, an achievement that drew into closer relation and friendship two great continents.

May we strive each day to implant into our lives that invincible spirit which Cyrus W. Field had. If our lessons are hard and difficult, may we try to conquer and never give up. We will become discouraged sometimes, no doubt, but may in those hours the brave words of the indomitable Lawrence ever ring in our ears, "Don't give up the ship."

E. C. '15



School Notes.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE enrollment of the Commercial Department is the highest it has ever been, and the splendid work of last year is expected to be excelled this year. This department of our school ranks among the first in the state, the highest record ever made in this state in typewriting having been made here last year. The contests are judged by the same rules governing the official contests of the experts and then many of the records of last year's graduates compared favorably with those of some of the contestants for championship.

The present senior class is the first class to finish the course as inaugurated at the beginning of the present administration, four years ago. The course now includes Business English, Business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, and Spelling.

Lettie Green, '15.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

With the help of the Women's Book Clubs of our city we now have one of the most up-to-date Domestic Science departments in the state.

As the kitchen is the main feature of the Domestic Science Department, provision has been made to serve lunches, which are prepared in this department, to the students for a nominal sum. Nice lunch counters have been fitted up on each side of the building, one for the boys and one for the girls. And it is needless to say, that there is always a rush for these counters as soon as the twelve-forty bell rings.

The girls of the Senior Class, who are taking this course instead of Solid Geometry, have two periods each day for cooking and preparing lunches.

Those who are so fortunate as to catch a whiff of the aromas issuing from the kitchen, will testify to the fact that we are indeed busy "cooks."

This work has been very successful so far and we are enjoying it much more than we expected. We not only like cooking the food ourselves, but we enjoy seeing others eating it, especially the boys, who appear always to be hungry.

Louise Crosland, '15.

WITH THE SOCIETIES.

The Charles D. McIver Society, composed of the Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Grade girls, is under the management this year of Miss Winnie McWhorter. In our last meeting the program was exceptionally good, the subject being, "Literary Work of North Carolina." As our next meeting will be on the last day of October, we are planning to have a Hallowe'en Program.

Miss Follin for a number of years, has had charge of Charles D. McIver Society. She worked faithfully with the girls, encouraging them in their work, and the programs, consisting of debates, readings, vocal and instrumental music, were always very interesting, as well as instructive. It is needless to say that we regret very much to give Miss Follin up, but with the help of Miss McWhorter we will do our best, and try to make the program better than ever before.

Section A of the Calvin H. Wiley Society is under the supervision of Professor C. B. Hoke. As the first meeting was taken up in organization, only one program has been rendered, consisting of a declamation, current events, and the debate, the subject of which was: Resolved; That letter postage should be reduced to one cent. The decision was in favor of penny postage. In section B, under the management of Professor J. W. Moore, the decision was the reverse.

In addition to the McIver and Wiley Societies, there are three societies among the Eighth Grades.

All the societies have started out enthusiastically this year, and much good work is anticipated in literary lines.

Bessie Hutchins, '15.

Personals.

We are glad to know that so many of those who graduated from the High School last year have entered college. Out of last year's graduates we see that Ralph Stockton, Gregory Graham and Hamilton Horton have entered the University. Kate Davis, Lucile Henning, Eula Wall and Evelyn Shipley are attending Salem College, Callie Lewis, the winner of the Montague Medal last year, is at Guilford College and Ruth Anderson, at Agnes Scott.

Nannie Hanes, '14, intends to take training as a nurse in the Polyclinic Hospital, Philadelphia.

Raymond Dean, who graduated last year, now holds a position with Vaughn and Wright, Real Estate Dealers.

Guy Masten, a former High School student, is attending school at Guilford.

Walter Crews, '14, has a position in the Savings Department of the Peoples National Bank.

Alma Hauser, a former graduate, is continuing her studies at Oxford College.

Blanche Buxton, who took the Post-Graduate course last year, holds a position with Vaughn Wholesale Grocery Co.

Hardin Jewett, '14, has a position in the Engineering Department of the Southbound Railroad.

Janet McNair, '14, is taking Domestic Science at the High School this year.

Julius Neely has a position in the office of Manly, Henderson and Womble.

Mary Horton, a graduate of both the High School and Salem College, is continuing her studies at Wellesley College.



Exchanges.

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va. April Issue—This is a fine high school magazine and we have no adverse criticisms to make and are very glad to have you as an exchange.

Alumni Number—This is an excellent number. The stories are well written and interesting. The alumni and joke departments are both good.

The Habit, Salina Kansas. We wish to express our admiration of the excellent cuts in this magazine. They show splendid work behind them; but there seems to be a great lack of stories and original poems. The subjects seem a little mixed and a more systematic arrangement of them would add to the effectiveness of your paper.

The Voice, Owensboro, Ky. This magazine is very neat and orderly so far as it goes, but there is a great need of interesting stories and poems instead of so many jokes and notes; a few cuts would be a helpful addition.

The John Marshall Record, Richmond, Va. Your magazine would be greatly improved if you had more stories and poems. The story entitled, "The Picture With the Wide Frame" is very interesting.

The Lexington High School Magazine, Commencement Number is especially good. The essays, poems and editorials are all fine. The "Statistician's Report" is very catchy and interesting.

The Forum, Commencement issue, Fayetteville, N. C. Among numerous stories in this paper we think "Roses" and "Winning His Way" deserve especial notice. The class prophecy, poem, characteristics and will are also excellent. On the whole this is an unusually fine number.

Just For Fun.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."
There was once a boy named Jim
Who always worked math. with a vim.
 But one day he got tangled
 With an isosceles triangle.
And Mr. Moore said, "Your proof is too dim."

AN EXAMPLE OF A STUDIOUS JUNIOR.

Mr. W. (to Junior class)—"What is pasteurized milk?"
Voice from the rear—"Milk, from a cow that grazed in a pasture."

There is no question about the worst sport in the High School now. That was settled the first day Vernon Dermal put in his appearance at the school.

Phin Horton cinched the job completely over Theodore Rondthaler for "Biggest Feet" of W. H. S.

Baron Van Gragg, although a devout worshiper at the shrine of Venus, was beaten out of the job as "Biggest ladysman" by "Gieke" Roddick, who voted for himself.

In the parlor there were three,
Girl, the parlor lamp and me.
Two's a company no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out.—Ex.

War-scarred veterans of "76"—Prescott, Pomeroy, Putnam. Survivors of Bunker Hill Battle.

War-scarred veterans of "14"—T. Wilson, A. Spaugh, J. Buxton. Survivors of High Point and Greensboro football conflicts.

Jim H. (writing Latin)—The acts of Caesar were ratified.
Acta Caesaris ratificonta est.

When you speak of "Little Eaton" and "Big Eaton"
does that apply to feet?

There was once a boy named "Ike"
Whom all the fellows did like.
The way he did debate
Was extremely out-of-date,
But we knew he would come out all right.

Wanted: An Executive Committee.—Section A, Literary
Society.

Wanted: To know the size and weight of P. H's feet.—
A few victims in foot-ball practice.

Wanted: A musical voice—French Students.

Wanted: To know who the new boy in the Senior Class
is.—Seniors.

Wanted: A big crowd at the foot-ball games.—John
Watson Moore.

Lost: Five (5) pounds of flesh during foot-ball practice.
—Jennings King.

He flunked on Latin, failed on Math.
We heard him fiercely hiss,
"I'd like to find the man that said
That ignorance is bliss.""

J. T.

If Geometry were hard would you call for Moore?
There was a young girl named Dink
Who washed her face in a sink,
Till one day it turned blue,
Now this is quite true,
For the water she used was ink.

T. R. (speaking rapidly)—“May I escort your corporeal personage over the intervening space between your parental residence and the edifice erected for the worthy purpose of educating the youth of our noted city on All Saints’ Eve, when the prospective graduating class has condescended to attend a masquerade executed by the unduly self-confident members of the Junior class.”

L. C.—“If you are talking to me I advise you to hush this minute.”



Athletics.

NEVER before in the history of the Winston-Salem High School has so much interest and enthusiasm in athletics been displayed as during the opening months of the present term. Last year our foot ball team was merely an experiment, and at first much apprehension was entertained as to its success, but it proved to be a winning team, coming out victorious in both of the games played. This year we are represented upon the gridiron by one of the strongest foot ball teams in the entire state. Faithful practising, together with the excellent work of coach Moore are responsible in a large measure for the success attained by the local squad. This is the record of the Winston-Salem High School foot ball team up to present writing.

W. H. S. 19; High Point 6.

W. H. S. 6; Greensboro 13.

The "pep" and spirit displayed by every member of the team, together with the loyal support of the student body, do credit not only to the High School, but to the city as well.

Attention of Sixth and Seventh Grades.

Here is a little suggestion from the Business Managers of the "Black and Gold" to the members of the sixth and seventh grades of the City's public schools. We are submitting below a questionnaire, the answers to the questions being found in the North Carolina history shelf of the Carnegie Library. To the first pupil in each sixth and seventh grade giving a correct set of answers in writing to the teacher in charge of that grade we will give as a prize one year's subscription to the "Black and Gold" absolutely free. Remember! the first one in each sixth or seventh grade in the city.

Business Managers.

Our Question Box.

1. Why is the word Wachovia so frequently used in this section?
2. Why is the new graded school in West Winston-Salem to be called the Granville Graded School?
3. What famous poet was born in Salem?
4. What nobleman once visited Salem? When?
5. What president visited this community? When?
6. When was the first fire engine purchased for the city?
7. Where does Salem creek rise?
8. In what form was the original town of Salem to be laid out?
9. An old man living about the middle of the nineteenth century stated truthfully that he had never been five miles out of Salem, but had lived in two counties. How do you explain his tale?
10. For how much was the site of Winston purchased, and about what is it worth now? How much has the average increase per year in value been?
11. What does the name Salem mean?
12. What caused the original settlers of Wachovia to come over to America.



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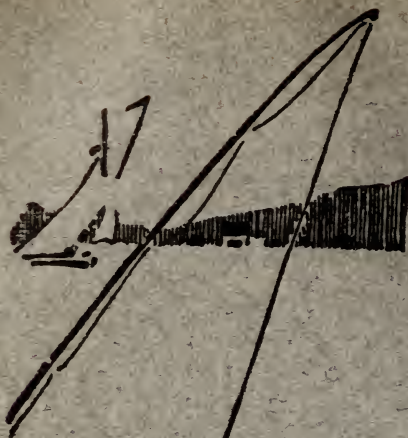
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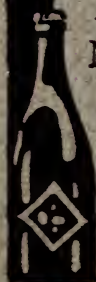
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